

437

"I'm very sorry," said the old merchant, in a tone of hearty commiseration, "promising youth—very sorry, but I am glad to learn the fact," and directed Mrs. Brown left, the uncle went to an office a few floors below and withdrew the name of Isaac Swan from the list of applicants to head mastership of a large Latin school. "We must have men of good minds for this post," he said, "sorry; poor boy; he would have been likely to succeed." At supper, he recalled the young man to the recollection of his family, and mentioned the afflictive report concerning him. A very pleasant call on him, was the family agreement; "uncommonly intelligent; and it is really so!"

So Brown says, direct from his relatives, and they all agree.

as the old merchant lived, he yet had a sigh every fresh bright upon the hopes of the young. And this is Jane Treat's friend; not actually aged, I believe? I declare she ought to know for Jane has a great horror of insanity; you saw how much they have had of it in the Treat family," and a great talk followed among the young ladies on all the interests involved in this new issue of the case. Now a country friend of the family was present, and the little world which had unfolded the fountain of their sympathies, he knew

"We have a young man," answered the village fire, "who has preached several times for us, and the people are mighty taken with him, and if he will preach on his knees, the people will come."

"Ah, indeed; good! who is it?"
 "His name is Swan—Isaac Swan."
 "Isaac Swan, of the Tubb's Academy?" asked
 the old merchant's country friend, in a tone of con-
 fidence.
 "The very same; do you know him?"
 "I know of him," and behind the tone and the
 words there lay evidently unspoken but unpleasant
 truth; and it could not be concealed; duty to

Now I think of it, perhaps he has singularities of manner," said the squire, pausing and turning the young man over and over in his mind, "but I never should have guessed it. Well, if that is the case, it is an insuperable bar to our having him; we know our parish troubles. I am sorry, that's all—and the squire hastened home to tell the news and, while poor Swan was left to his painful con-

and thus the little word traveled about, until at last through the extreme kindness of friends, it found a lodging in Jane Trevelyan's heart, and friends were credulous than inquiring interfered. A stop to all hazards must be put to the intimacy, and she was hurried to a gay relative's at Philadelphia, leaving poor Isaac Swan to loneliness and disappointment, and bitter suspicion of woman as

name. Indeed the baffling of bright and bud-
hopes in many quarters was a sharp and sore
point. Difficulties could be bravely surmount-
ed; but the more cheerful and cheerful the
buffs could be cheerfully met, and they had
in his college and seminary course, but now
he was ready for action, and with a strong
earnest spirit panting to enter the list in the
great conflict of life, the neglect and disap-
pointment which met him on the outset, must have
tested the edge of his fine sensibilities, and check-

with any less hold on the christian faith, it
 had have done so. As it was, he was chastened
 not cast down, tried but not forsaken, grieved,
 not embittered, when he left the scene of his
 endeavors for the new world of the West.
 "Swan, my dear fellow, is this you?" broke a
 familiar voice upon him. In the cars, one day, and
 started round to hail a college friend.
 "And how are you now?" inquired the friend
 of kind solicitude. "Finely," answered Swan,

Are you alone," asked the friend.
No wife yet," and Swan smiled with perhaps
fonder memory of Jane. College days were liv-
elier, and after a lively account of his friend's
life through the years since then, "I've little to
tell," answered Isaac, while his companion's face
took a sympathizing expression, "on the threshold
of every good seems within our grasp, but—" he
stopped, "you put out your hand and it is

...replied to his friend, "just so,"—deliberate inquiry—"just so," he repeated again, "in want of something else to say." said Swan, "I have had some disappointments," said Swan, "my motto is heart within and God over head." While his companion was hurriedly debating his own mind, whether it was not at once best for him know that he well understood the true nature of his own affairs—it would put them upon a free footing, and concealments between old friends were odious.

"Yes, don't be afraid to speak out," said the president of the Academy?" asked Swann, which his look to be a whim that he did not mean to put on him in. "The Hospital," said his friend with a cheerful, well-informed glance, which admitted no evasion. "The Hospital!" echoed Isaac, in a tone of unfeigned astonishment, and a look not surely like a madman. "Yes, the Insane Hospital! I heard you been there a year!" This was the first imputation Swann had received of his own whereabouts. "It certainly is hard to keep the run of

resumed to his race, tingled in his fingers, and suffocating breath choked in his throat. "My reports do not drive him there, but it is a huge and terrible thing how we may be drifting in mercy of a go-sipping, herdless, inconsiderate, uninformed report. Let every body stop and ponder what uselessness may be blemished, what patients injured, what hearts grieved, what sects blighted, what a train of painful consequences, never to be recalled, may issue from the lance of a single unguarded word.—[Independ-

and reverse the sacred page; a page which the whole creation could produce, which not conflagration shall destroy."

[Yoursa.
Ambrosius, speaking of Jerome, says:—"Who returned by heart the whole Scripture, or im-
mortalized it, or meditated upon it as he did?"
The heretic, after his conversion, was engaged
day and night in reading the Scriptures, and got
it by heart.
The Emperor Theodosius wrote out the whole
Testament with his own hand, and read some

neodorus the Second dedicated a great part
 night to the study of the Scriptures.
 George Prince of Transylvania, read over the
 twenty-seven times.
 Philipus, King of Arragon, read the Scrip-
 tures, together with a large commentary, four-
 times.
 The venerable Bede is said to have been a great
 lover of the Bible, and that with such affection,
 he often wept over it.